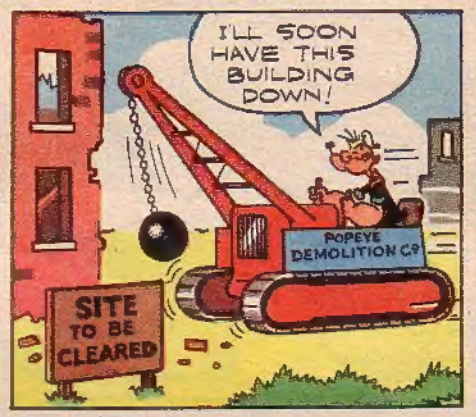
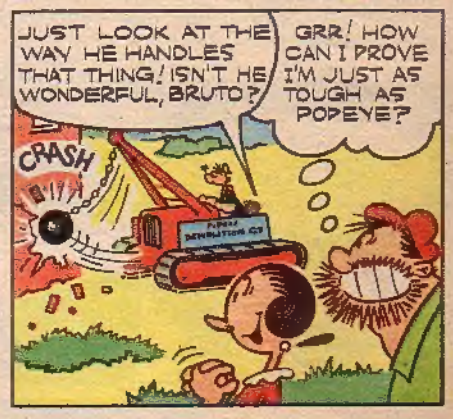
# TV COMIC 6D

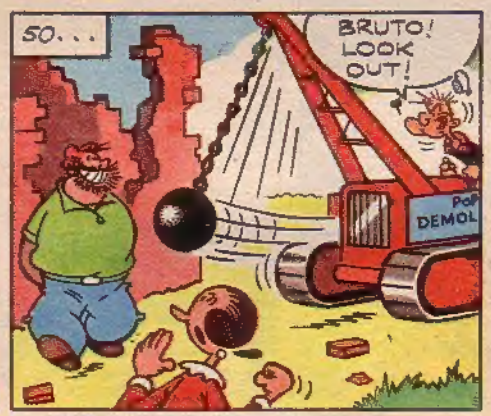
INSIDE

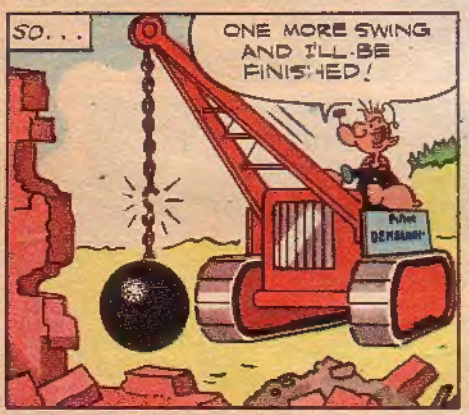
SPACE PATROL and Dr. WHO

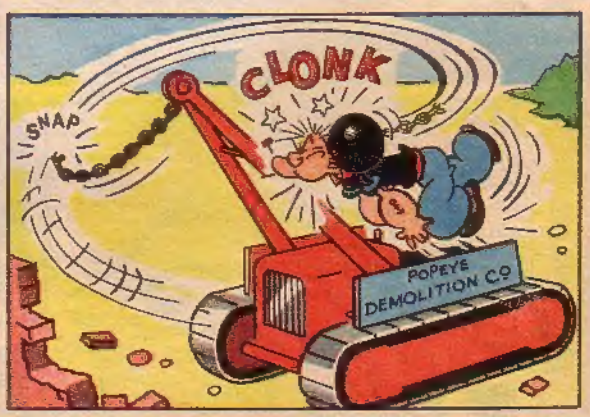
Every Monday | Week Ending 9th January, 1965 | Number 682

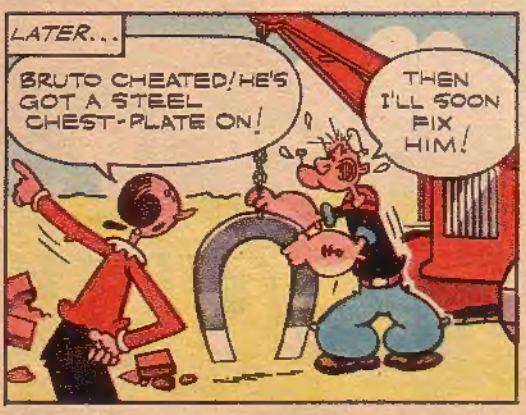


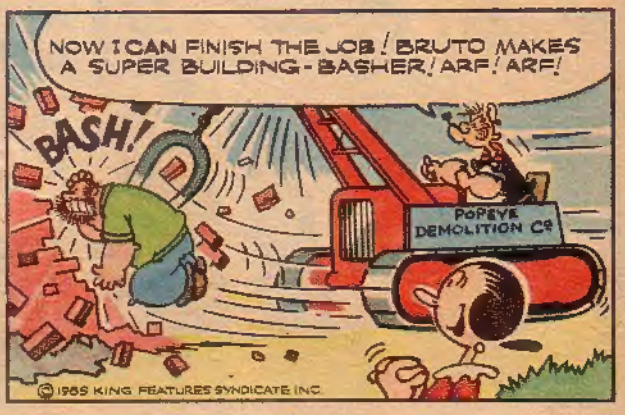










NOW I CAN FINISH THE JOB! BRUTO MAKES A SUPER BUILDING-BASHER! ARF! ARF!
BASH!
POPEYE DEMOLITION Co
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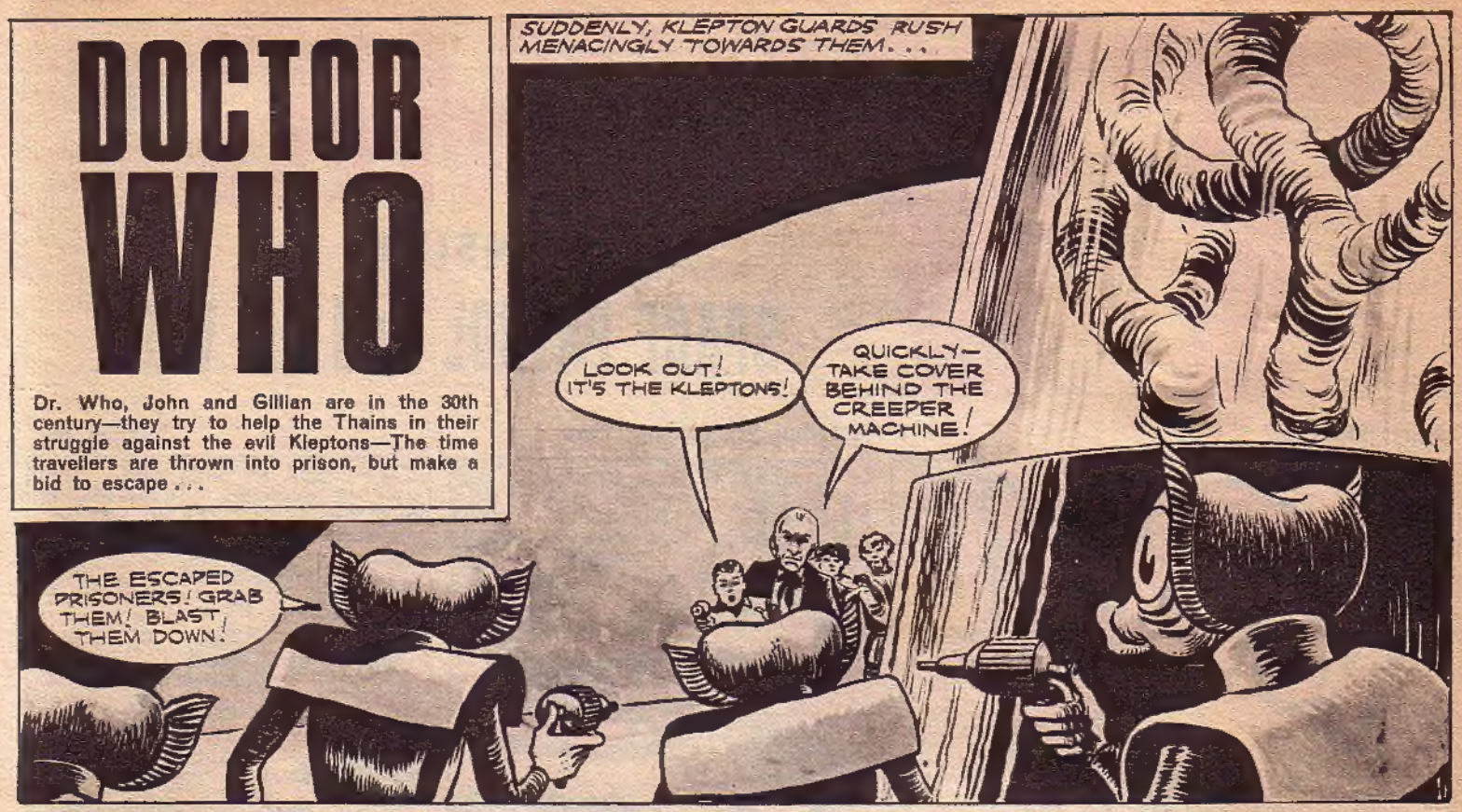
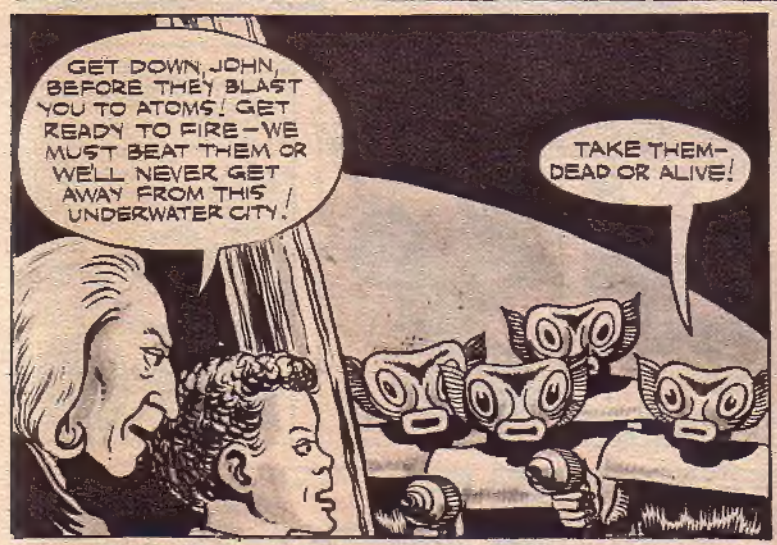
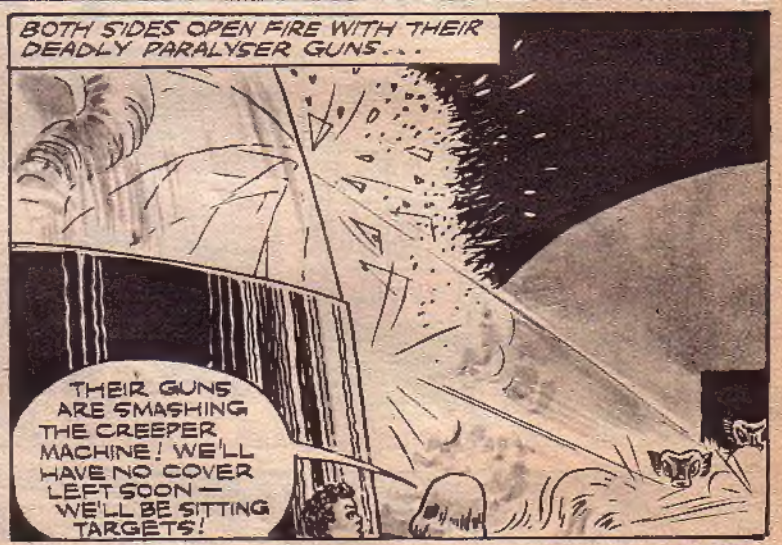
# DOCTOR WHO

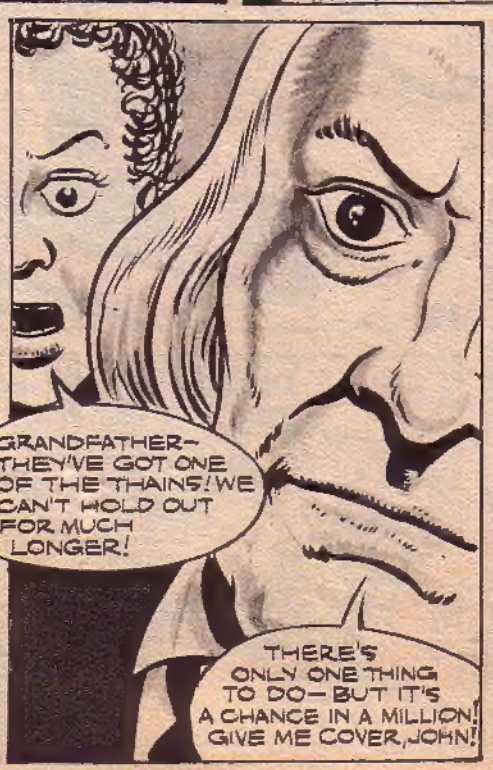
Dr. Who, John and Gillian are in the 30th century—they try to help the Thains in their struggle against the evil Kleptons—The time travellers are thrown into prison, but make a bid to escape . . .

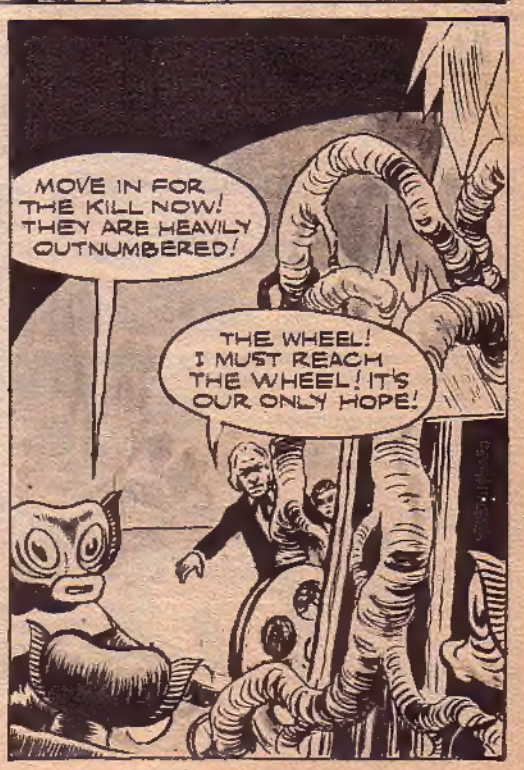

SUDDENLY, KLEPTON GUARDS RUSH MENACINGLY TOWARDS THEM . . .
LOOK OUT! IT'S THE KLEPTONS!
QUICKLY— TAKE COVER BEHIND THE CREEPER MACHINE!
THE ESCAPED PRISONERS! GRAB THEM! BLAST THEM DOWN!


GET DOWN, JOHN, BEFORE THEY BLAST YOU TO ATOMS! GET READY TO FIRE—WE MUST BEAT THEM OR WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THIS UNDERWATER CITY!
TAKE THEM— DEAD OR ALIVE!


BOTH SIDES OPEN FIRE WITH THEIR DEADLY PARALYSER GUNS . . .
THEIR GUNS ARE SMASHING THE CREEPER MACHINE! WE'LL HAVE NO COVER LEFT SOON— WE'LL BE SITTING TARGETS!

THEN A WILD BURST OF FIRING CATCHES A WHEEL ON THE MACHINE'S INSTRUMENT PANEL . . .
GOOD GRIEF— THAT WHEEL MUST DIRECT THE CREEPERS! IT'S CHANGED COURSE AND THE CREEPERS ARE STARTING TO BURST OUT OF THE CASE!
NEVILLE MAIN


GRANDFATHER— THEY'VE GOT ONE OF THE THAINS! WE CAN'T HOLD OUT FOR MUCH LONGER!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO— BUT IT'S A CHANCE IN A MILLION! GIVE ME COVER, JOHN!




© BBC tv 1965

NEXT MOMENT...

GOT IT! LET'S HOPE MY PLAN WORKS QUICKLY BEFORE THE KLEPTONS BLAST US TO THE GROUND!

AT LIGHTNING SPEED, THE THICK CREEPERS COME POURING OUT OF THE CASE...

THE CREEPERS! LOOK OUT!

WE'LL ALL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH! RUN!

AAAAGH!

GREAT WORK, GRANDFATHER! YOU SAVED THE DAY!

SAVE THE CONGRATULATIONS TILL WE'RE SAFELY AWAY FROM THIS TERRIBLE PLACE! GET BACK TO THE CAMP NOW AND FREE THE OTHERS! I HAVE ONE LAST JOB TO DO!...

I'LL USE THE KLEPTONS' OWN WEAPONS TO DEFEAT THEM! THESE CREEPERS NEARLY DESTROYED THE THAINS' CITY— NOW I'LL MAKE THEM SMASH THE KLEPTONS' EVIL PLANS!

BLAZING WITH ANGER, THE KLEPTON LEADER WATCHED EVENTS ON HIS VIDEO SCREENS...

MY GUARDS ARE ROUTED! THE PRISONERS HAVE THE WHIP HAND! CALL ALL PERSONNEL TO DOME ONE! BLAST THEM DOWN— THEY MUST NOT ESCAPE!

TIME IS SHORT! WE MUST GET AWAY BEFORE THE KLEPTONS HAVE A CHANCE TO RECOVER!

BUT WHERE'S GRANDFATHER, JOHN? WE CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT HIM! WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE!

THEN...

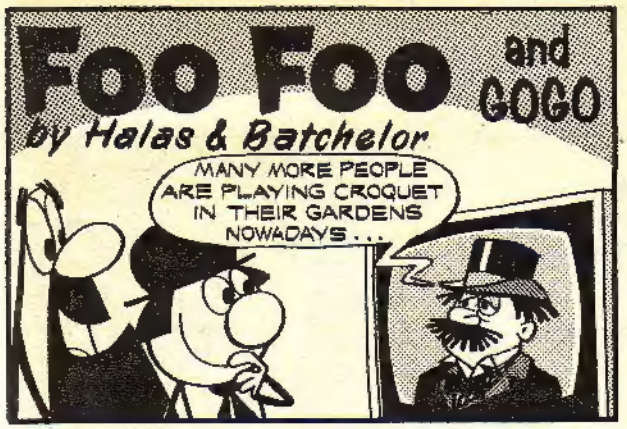
THERE'S THE DOCTOR NOW! BUT GOLLY, JUST LOOK AT THE CREEPERS HAMMERING AFTER HIM!

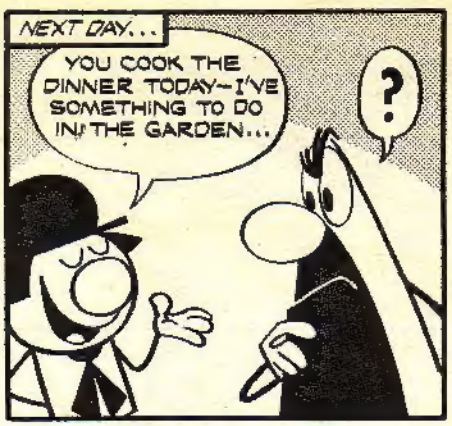
GET MOVING! MAKE FOR THE AIR LOCK! I'VE DIRECTED THE CREEPERS TOWARDS THE REACTOR! THE WHOLE CITY WILL EXPLODE AT ANY MOMENT! WE HAVEN'T A SECOND TO LOSE!

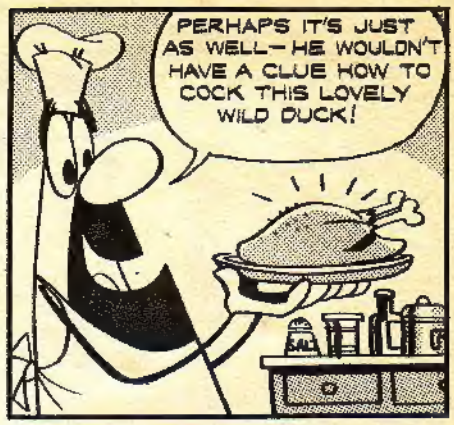
Don't miss the excitement in next week's Dr. Who

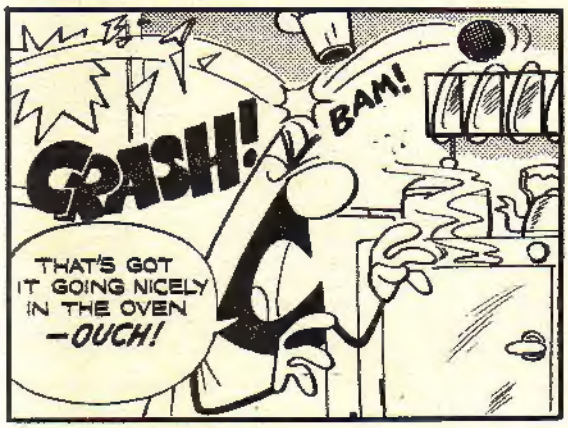
# Foo Foo and GOGO

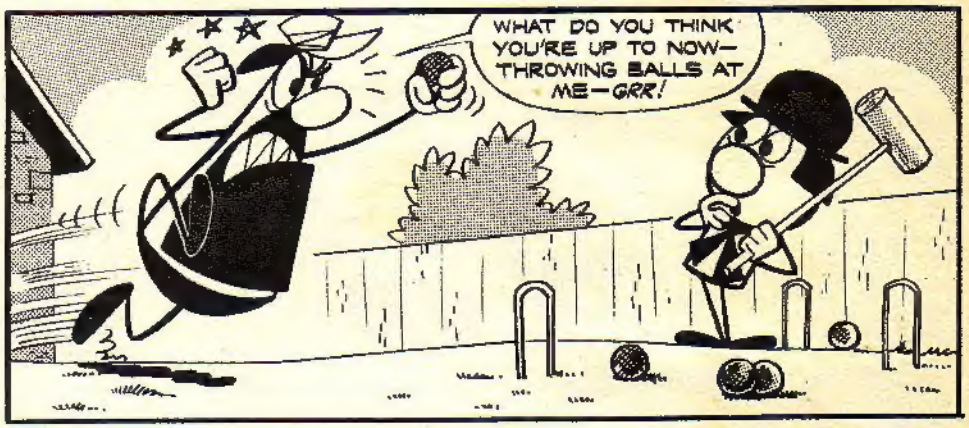
by Halas & Batchelor

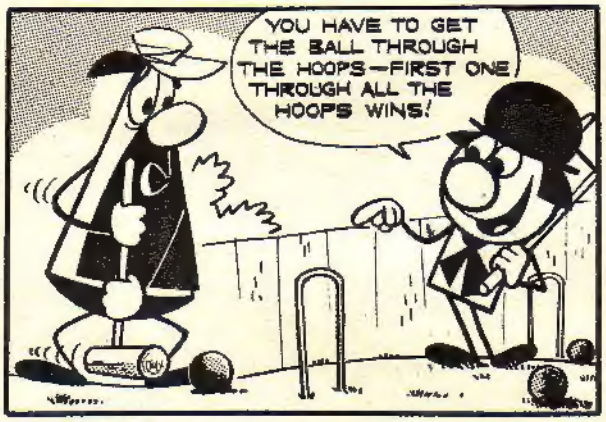


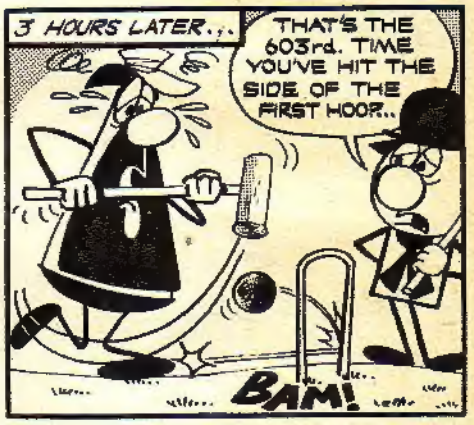



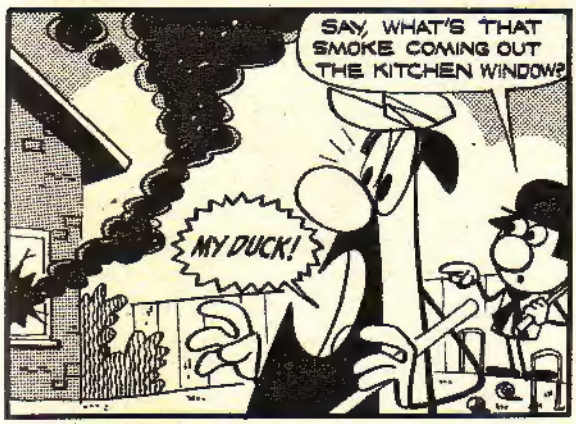



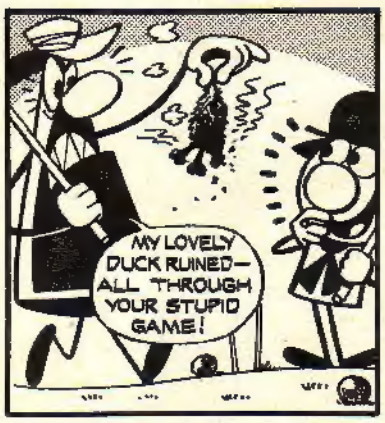



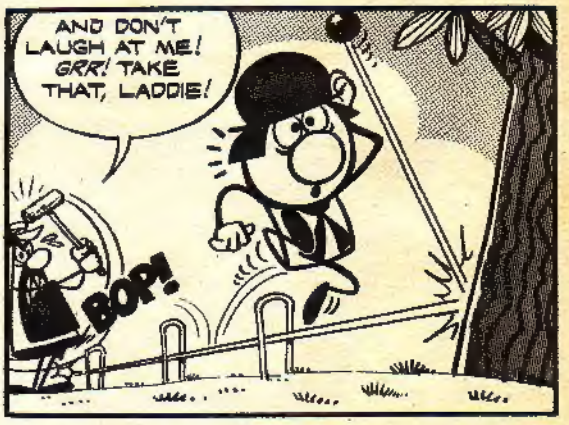



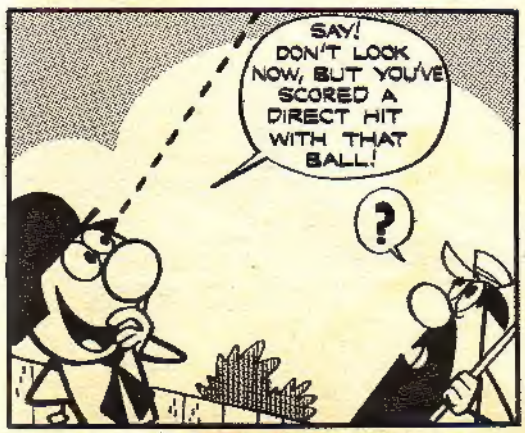


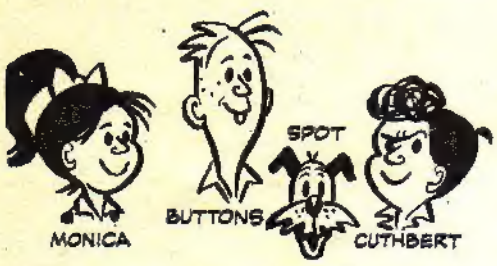



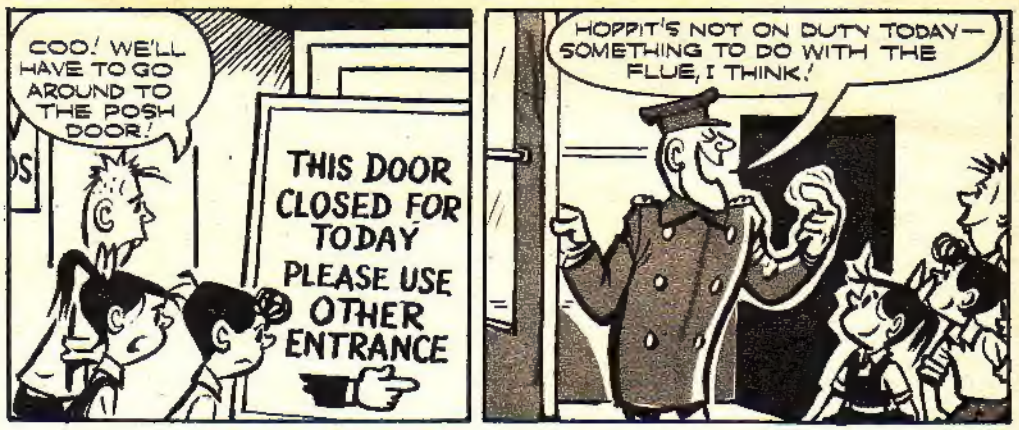



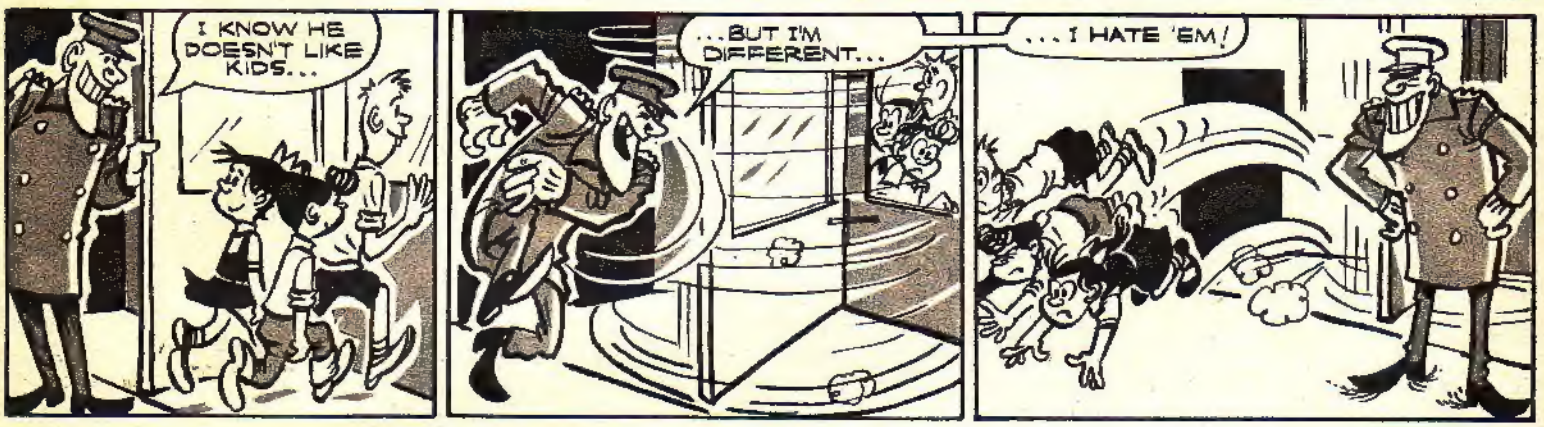
*Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo"*

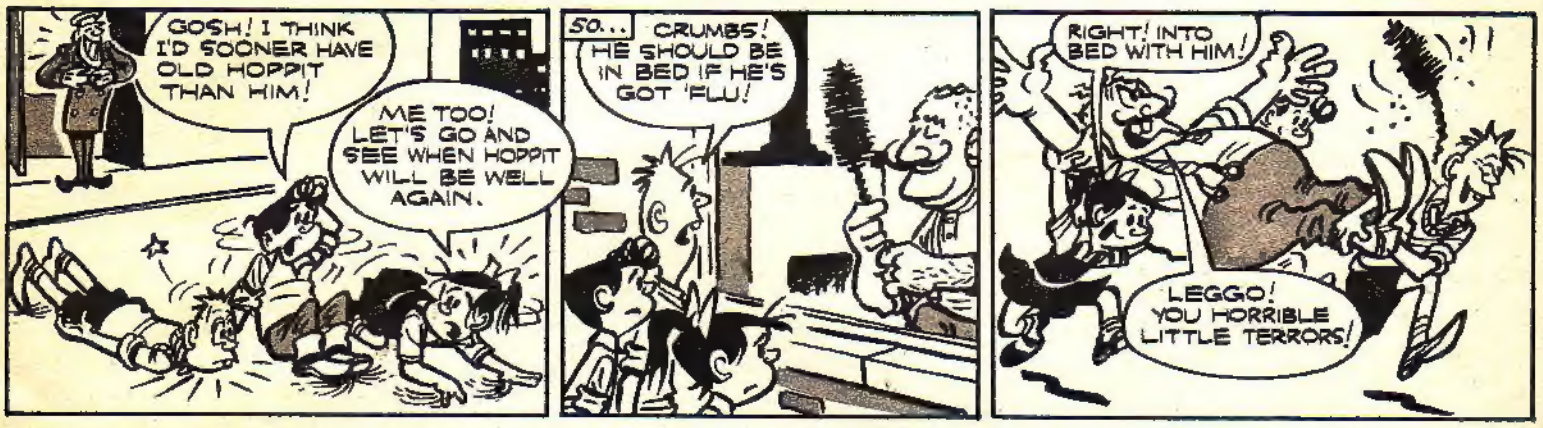
Next week Gogo and Foo Foo go on the tiles

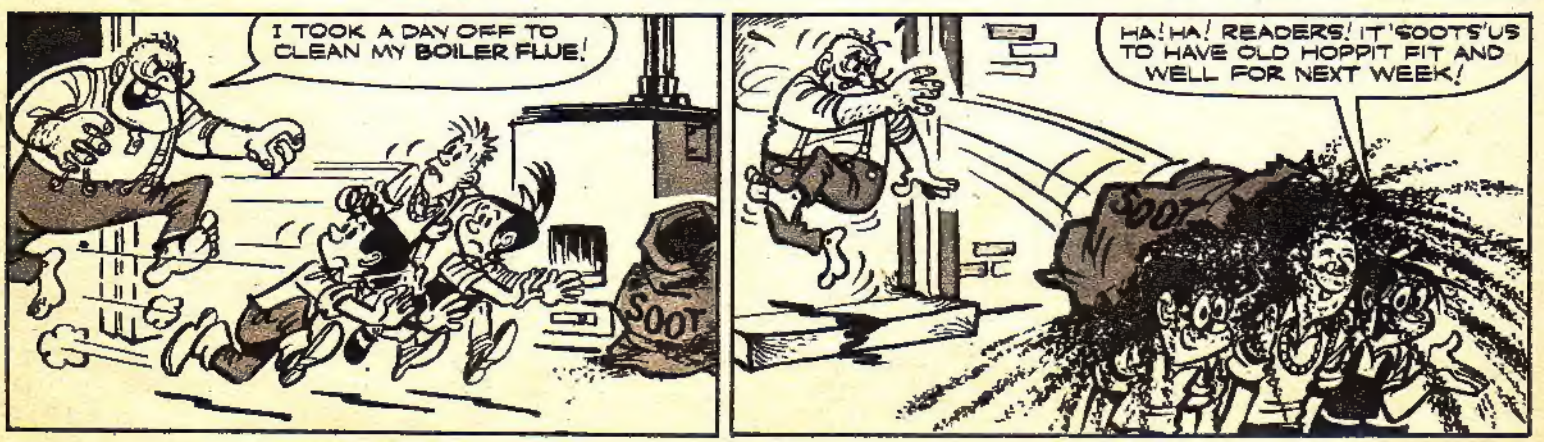
# TV TERRORS





COO! WE'LL HAVE TO GO AROUND TO THE POSH DOOR!
THIS DOOR CLOSED FOR TODAY PLEASE USE OTHER ENTRANCE
HOPPIT'S NOT ON DUTY TODAY— SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FLUE, I THINK!

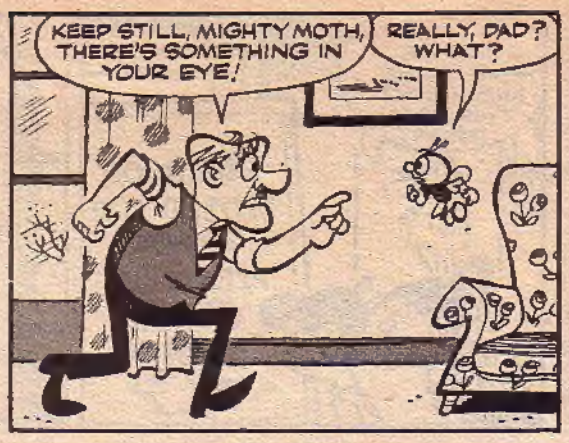


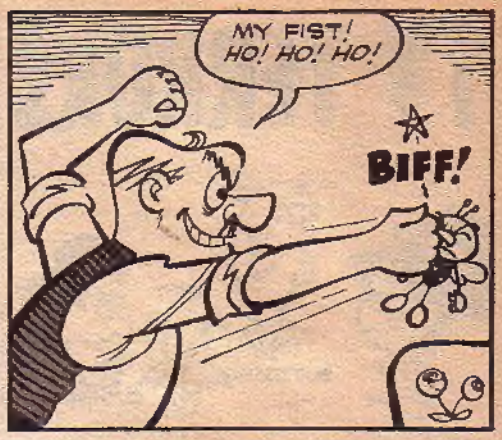


GOSH! I THINK I'D SOONER HAVE OLD HOPPIT THAN HIM!
ME TOO! LET'S GO AND SEE WHEN HOPPIT WILL BE WELL AGAIN.
SO... CRUMBS! HE SHOULD BE IN BED IF HE'S GOT 'FLU!
RIGHT! INTO BED WITH HIM!
LEGGO! YOU HORRIBLE LITTLE TERRORS!

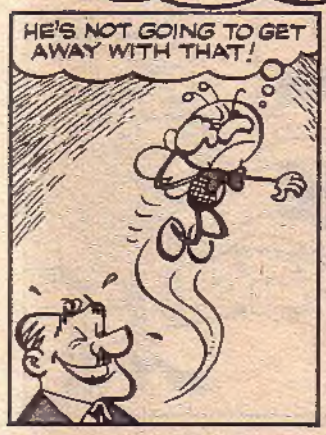


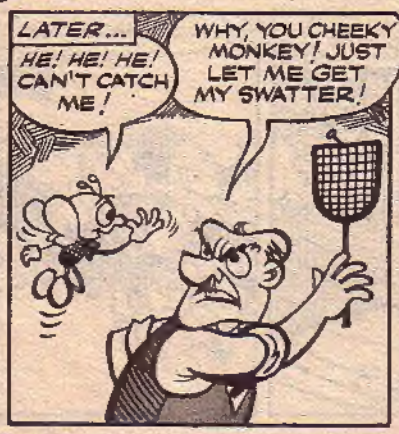

Hoppit gets a bit moth eaten next week

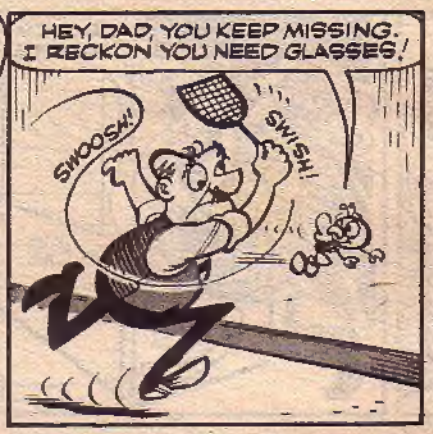
# MIGHTY MOTH

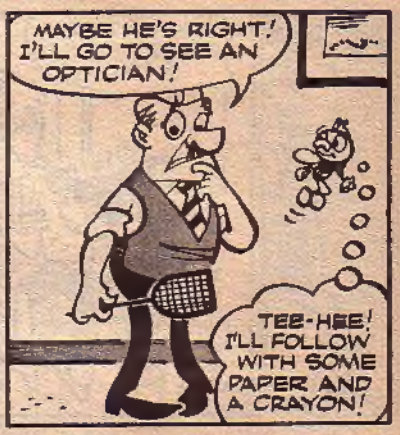


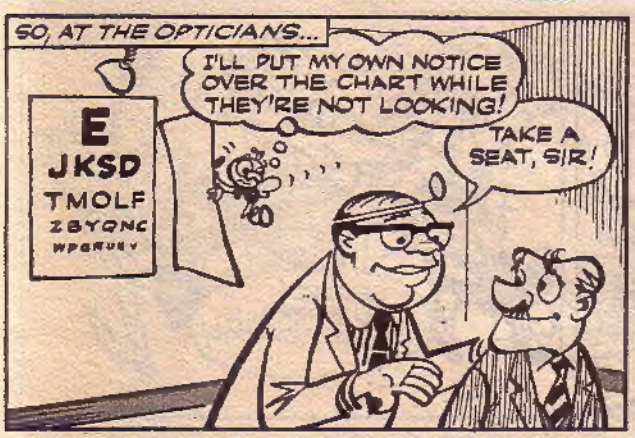



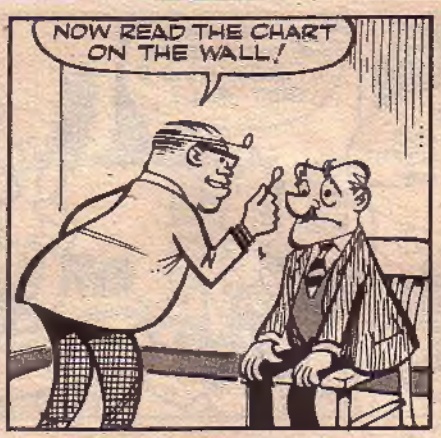



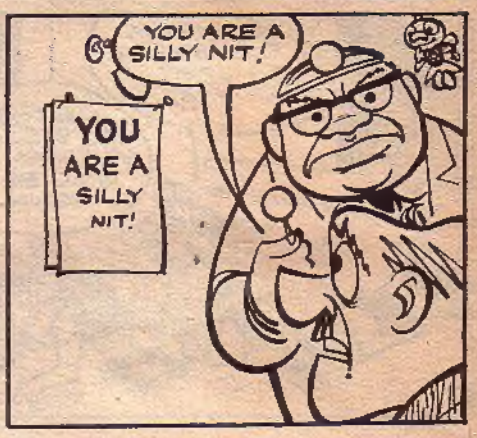



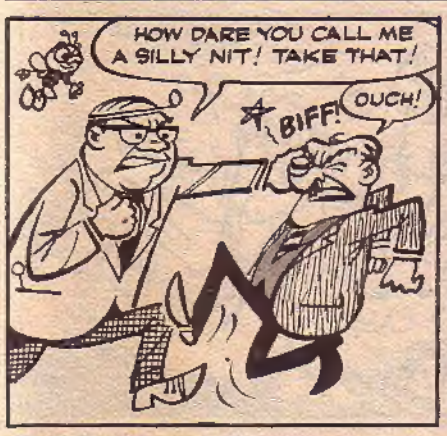



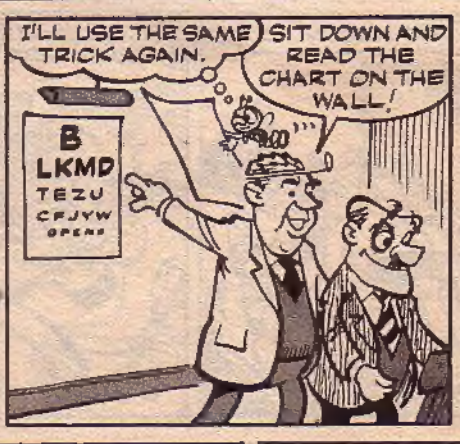



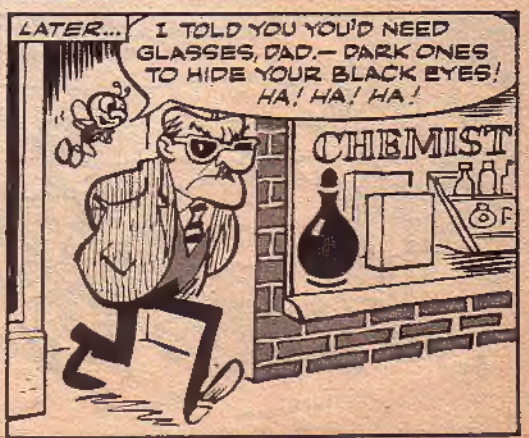



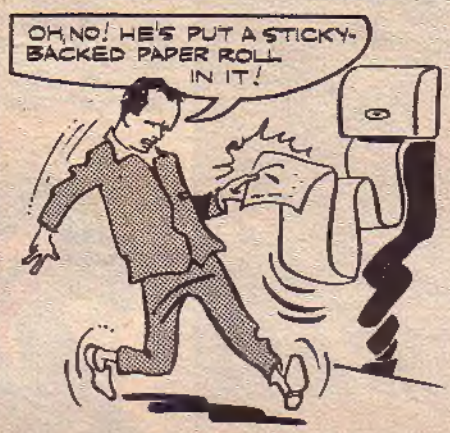



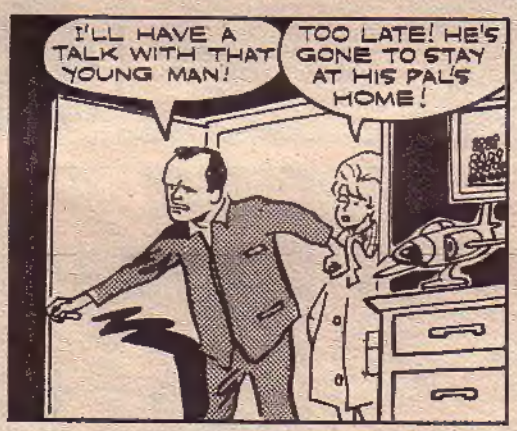


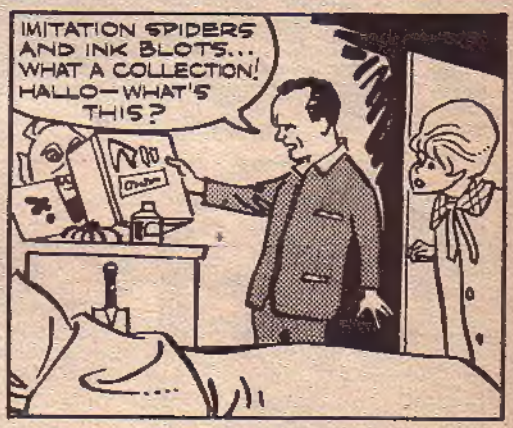


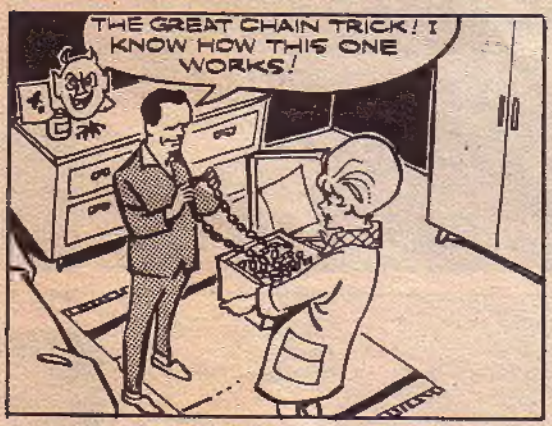

Next week Mighty Moth sees double

# THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY





*Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show"*

More family fun with Dickie next week

FIGHTING to escape from the clutches of John Magnum, the mad ruler of the Planet Humida, Captain Dart finds that their plastafoam guns are useless against the enemy.

DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE, DART – YOU ARE BEING TAKEN BACK TO YOUR SHIP!

SHORTLY AFTER THEY ARE LOCKED INSIDE THE GALASPHERE, THE CABIN SHAKES AND A LOUD BOOMING SOUND IS HEARD...

LISTEN, LARRY... THAT'S A ROCKET ENGINE! THEY MUST BE TEST-FIRING ON ONE OF THE OLD SHIPS!

THAT MEANS WE'RE NEAR TO TAKE OFF!

# SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH

THIS CABIN IS INSULATED, BUT THE MAIN CARGO HOLD IS MOSTLY BARE METAL! AND WE THINK THE SKIN OF THOSE CREATURES IS SOME KIND OF METAL! SO IF WE LEAD THE CURRENT INTO THE HOLD...

WORKING AT FRANTIC SPEED, PROFESSOR HAGGARTY IS SOON READY...

GIVE THE ORDER, LARRY... AND LET'S HOPE THIS OLD CRATE HAS ENOUGH POWER TO DO THE TRICK!

IT WORKED, PROF. YOU'RE A GENIUS!

SURE AN' WE WERE LUCKY, LARRY! THERE WAS JUST ENOUGH JUICE LEFT TO STUN THEM!

ATTENTION! ATTENTION! THE EARTH PRISONERS HAVE ESCAPED!

PREPARE FOR EMERGENCY TAKE OFF!

THEN...

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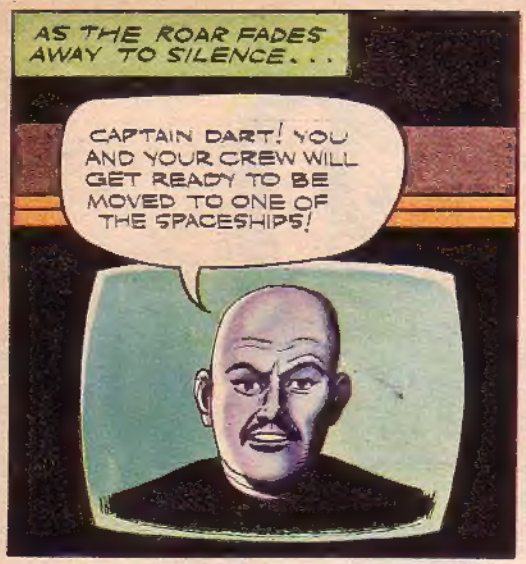
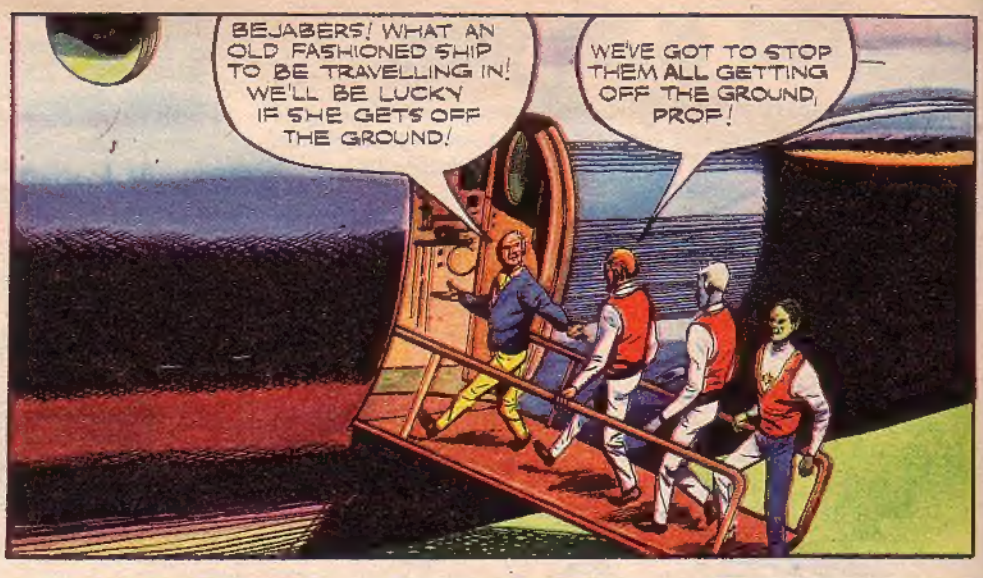
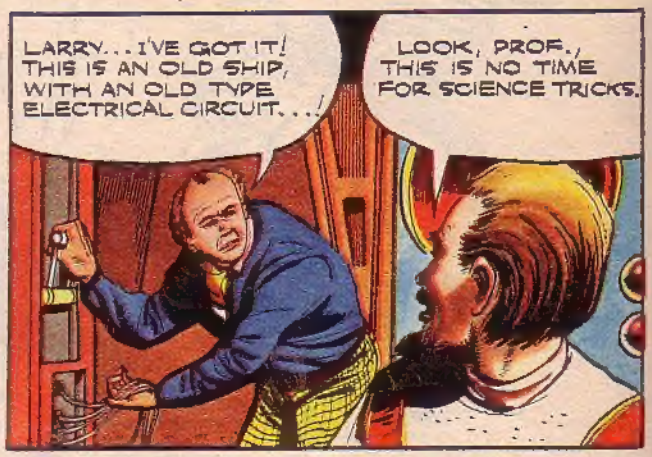
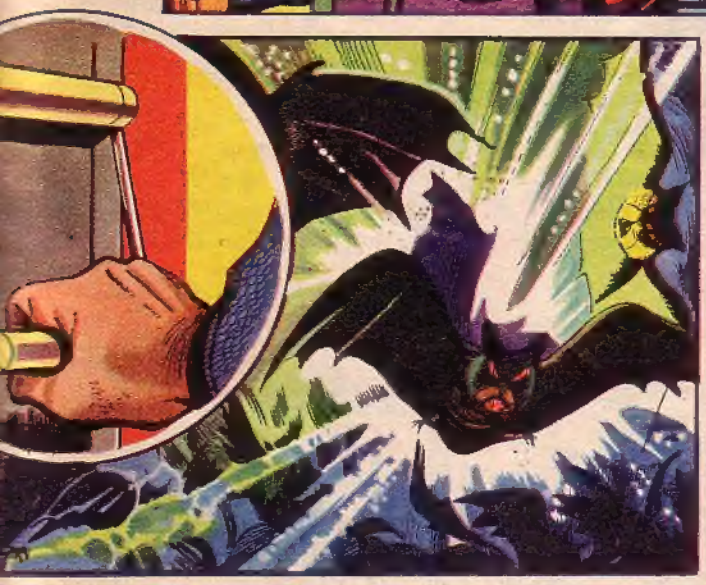




BEJABERS! WHAT AN OLD FASHIONED SHIP TO BE TRAVELLING IN! WE'LL BE LUCKY IF SHE GETS OFF THE GROUND!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM ALL GETTING OFF THE GROUND, PROF!



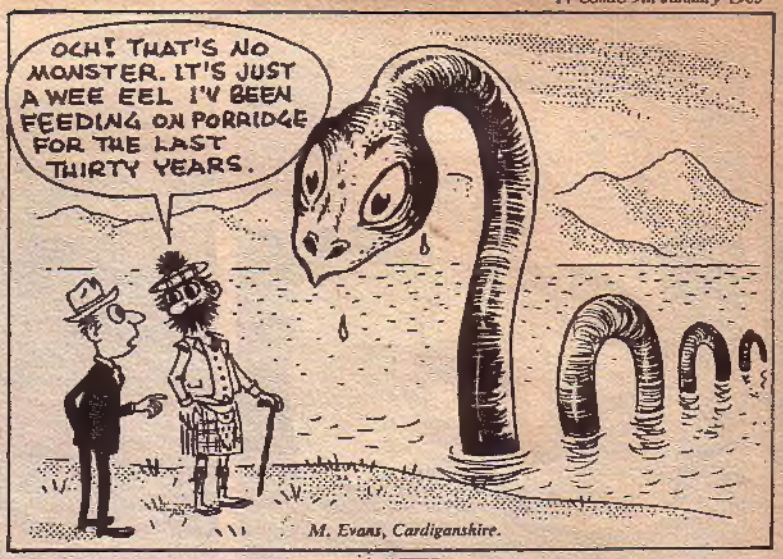
PREPARE FOR LANDING! THIS GIVES US A CHANCE TO SNATCH THOSE DRUGGED SCIENTISTS TO SAFETY WHILE EVERYTHING'S IN CHAOS DOWN THERE!
MEVIN

Will the space patrol team save the scientists—see next week's TV Comic

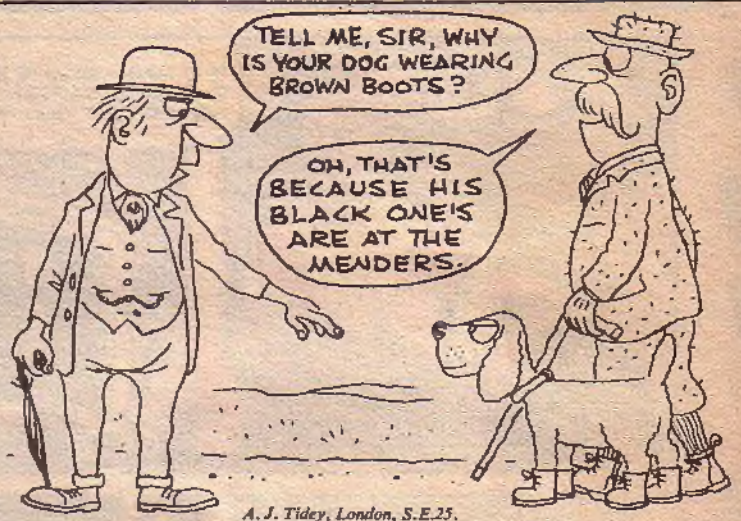
# Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

P. Crake, Christchurch, Hants.




M. Evans, Cardiganshire.

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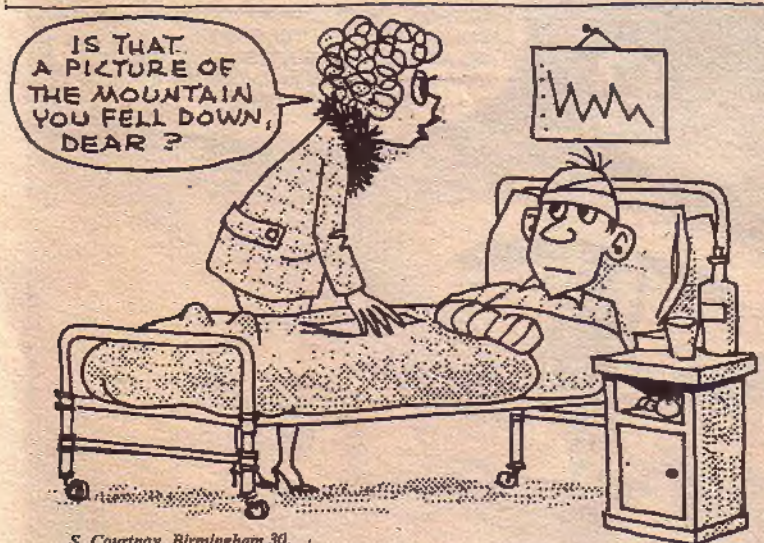


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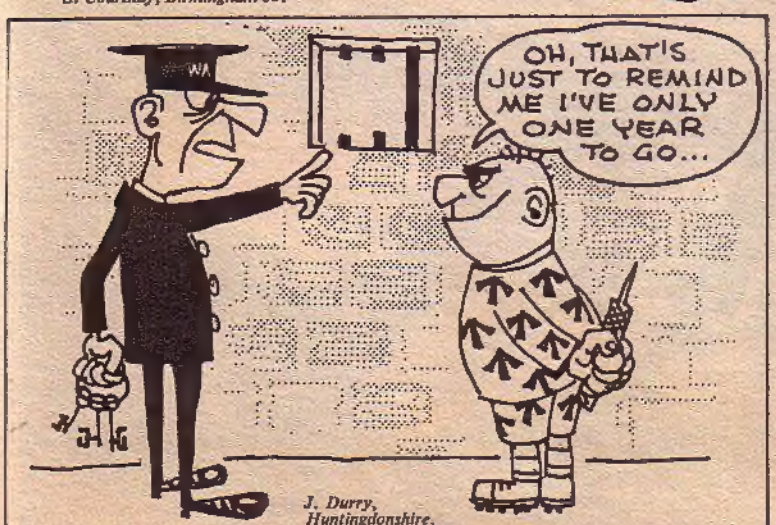


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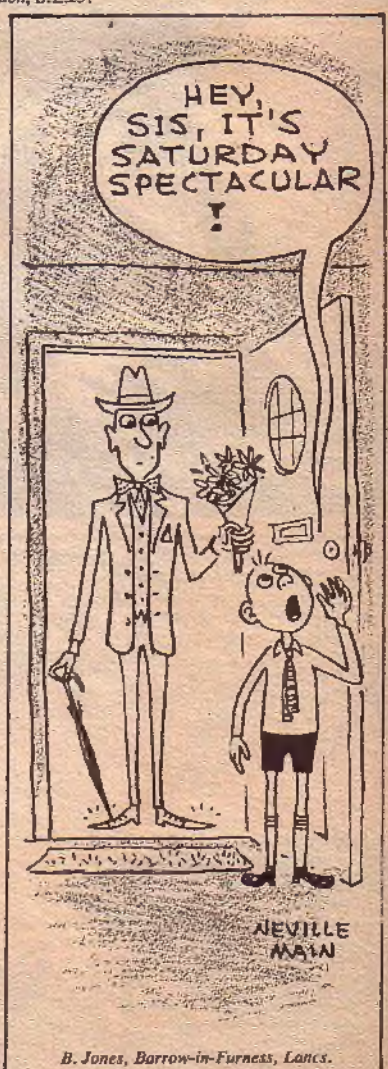
N. Fisher, Mitcham, Surrey.




B. Jones, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.

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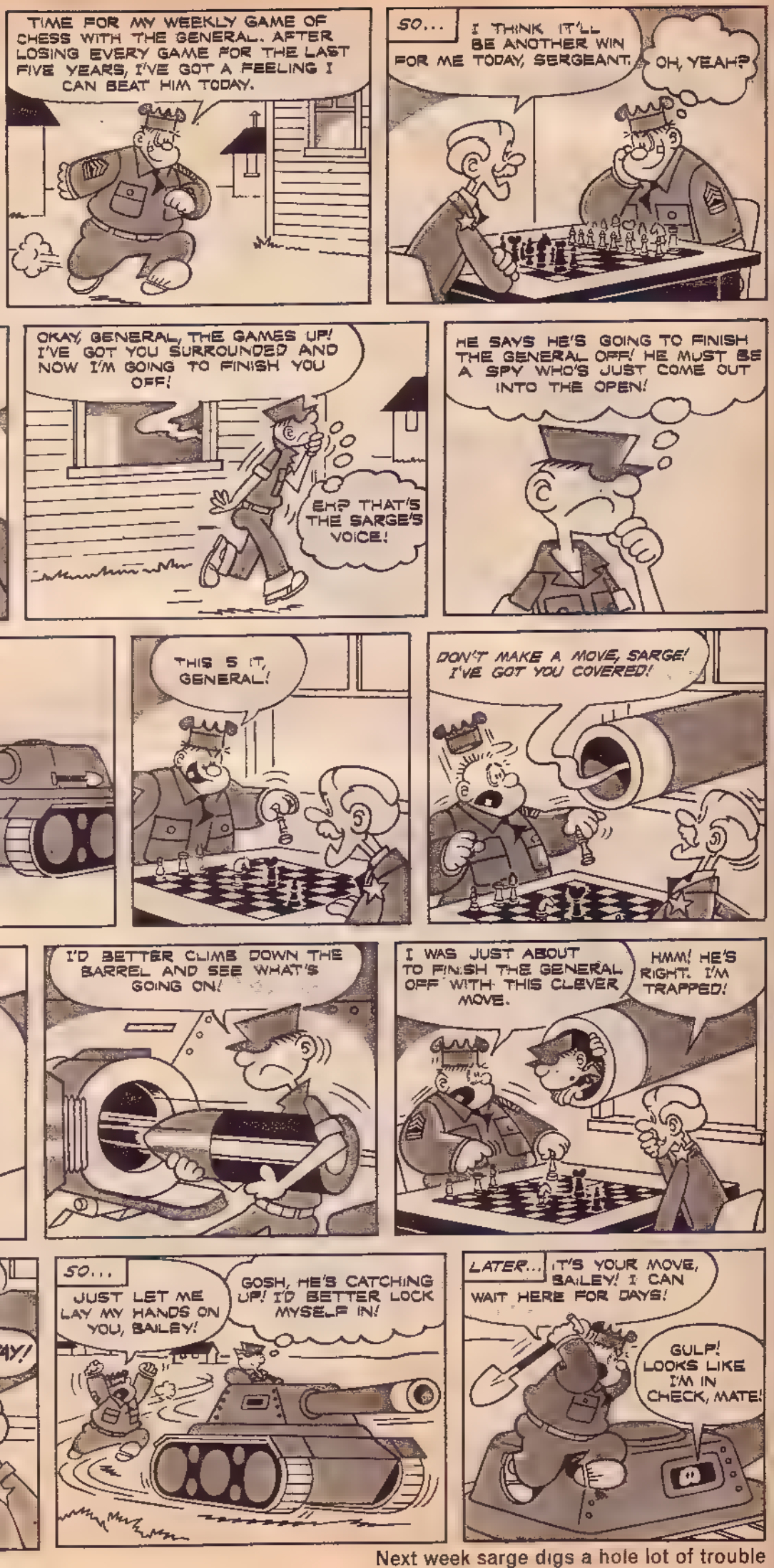
# BEETLE BAILEY


TIME FOR MY WEEKLY GAME OF CHESS WITH THE GENERAL. AFTER LOSING EVERY GAME FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS, I'VE GOT A FEELING I CAN BEAT HIM TODAY.
SO... I THINK IT'LL BE ANOTHER WIN FOR ME TODAY, SERGEANT.
OH, YEAH?
LATER...
GOSH, HE'S PLAYING WELL.
HEE-HEE! I'VE GOT HIM ON THE RUN.
OKAY, GENERAL, THE GAMES UP! I'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED AND NOW I'M GOING TO FINISH YOU OFF!
EH? THAT'S THE SARGE'S VOICE!
HE SAYS HE'S GOING TO FINISH THE GENERAL OFF! HE MUST BE A SPY WHO'S JUST COME OUT INTO THE OPEN!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO BE A HERO AND SAVE THE GENERAL!
THIS 5 IT, GENERAL!
DON'T MAKE A MOVE, SARGE! I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!
B...BUT B...B...BAILEY, WE'RE ONLY PLAYING A G...GAME OF CHESS!
?
I'D BETTER CLIMB DOWN THE BARREL AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!
I WAS JUST ABOUT TO FINISH THE GENERAL OFF WITH THIS CLEVER MOVE.
HMM! HE'S RIGHT. I'M TRAPPED!
NO YOU'RE NOT, GENERAL! MOVE YOUR CASTLE THERE AND YOU'VE WON THE GAME!
HOORAY!
SO...
JUST LET ME LAY MY HANDS ON YOU, BAILEY!
GOSH, HE'S CATCHING UP! I'D BETTER LOCK MYSELF IN!
LATER...
IT'S YOUR MOVE, BAILEY! I CAN WAIT HERE FOR DAYS!
GULP! LOOKS LIKE I'M IN CHECK, MATE!

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Next week sarge digs a hole lot of trouble

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Make sure that you get your TV Comic next week by filling in this order form and handing it to your newsagent.

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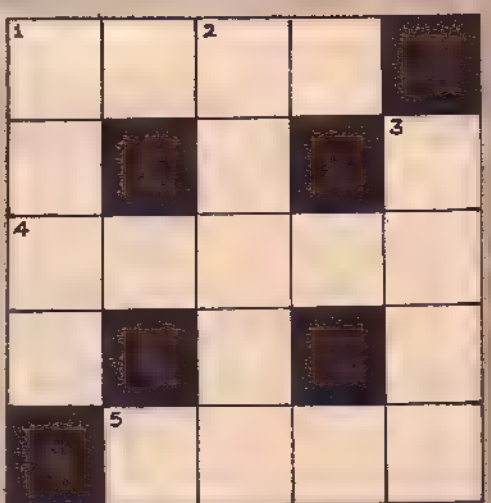
## PICTURE CROSSWORD

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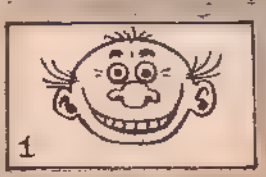
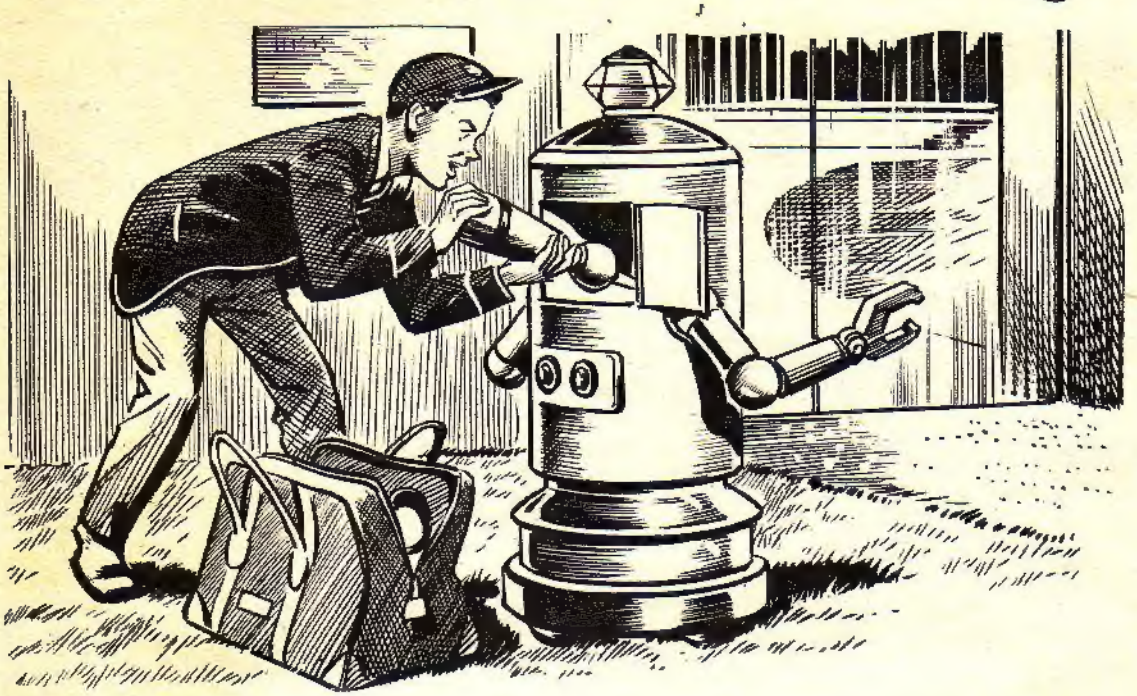


ANSWERS ON PAGE 13

# DR. NOLAN'S TeleVarsity



## BRAINY BODGER

**GEORGE BODGER was feeling pleased with himself as he dragged his heavy bag out of the school bus. In the bag was a four-stage rocket with a Sputnik on top, and Bodger reckoned he was going to have some fun with it during the Winter term.**

"I made it during the Christmas holidays," he said proudly to his friend Boodle. "I bet you don't know how I did it?"

"I know exactly how you did it," Boodle chuckled. "You just saved those giant rockets you had for Guy Fawkes day and stuck a football on the top one."

Bodger looked hurt. He considered his four-stage rocket a masterpiece of invention, and he felt that people ought to show more appreciation for his cleverness.

Bodger was sometimes too clever, however. On the present occasion, he halted as he entered the gates of TeleVarsity and stared in amazement at a row of little robots lined up in the grounds.

A lot of other boys were doing the same. Beside the robots stood Dr. Nolan, the headmaster, with one of the school governors named Sir John.

Dr. Nolan was trying to improve TeleVarsity.

"And I am not at all sure that this is the right way," he said anxiously to Sir John. "As you know, I have been replacing these mechanical figures with real radar and TV apparatus, and these robots——"

"Nonsense!" boomed Sir John, who always liked new ideas when they were old-fashioned. "These robots are just the thing. What boys need is discipline. Boys!" he added with a roar. "Hand your bags to the new servants."

Bodger nearly had a fit. What he had in his bag was not the sort of thing that would be approved by Sir John or Dr. Nolan.

It was the last straw for Bodger. If his rockets were discovered, there would be fireworks of a sort he had not expected! Even Boodle was startled, for in his own bag there was a box of his favourite chocolates.

Sadly Boodle handed over his bag to one of the little robots who trundled forward to take it. But Bodger gave a gulp and turned back hurriedly towards the gates.

"Excuse me, sir," he gulped. "I m—m—may have left something in the bus."

Of course, it was also possible that Bodger had left something behind him, seeing what a chump he was, but Bodger had actually done some quick thinking. Somehow, he had to get rid of those rockets before his bag was opened!

Sir John gave a snort and pressed a button on a little black box he was carrying. This was a radio control for the little robots. As the button was pressed, one of the little fellows immediately rumbled down the drive after Bodger.

Outside the gates, out of sight of Dr. Nolan and Sir John, Bodger was being very busy. Whipping open his bag, he threw the rockets out into a patch of long grass—then gave a wild jump as something prodded him in the rear.

"Yarooo-o-o-oooogh!"

But it was only the little robot who had followed him, shooting out its mechanical arm to take his bag.

"What's the big idea——?" he began, then blinked uncertainly as a strange idea occurred to him.

The robot was as round as an oil drum. It even sounded empty inside. A quick glance showed Bodger that there was a door in his back so that the engineers could get at his works, and Bodger was smitten by a great brainwave.

In the first place, he had merely wanted to get rid of his rockets so that he did not get skinned or something. But now he saw a way of getting them into the school after all.

Why not hide them in this Tin-Can Tommy?

To think, with Bodger, was to act. In twenty seconds flat he had filled the little robot with the rockets. There was a bottom grating inside on which they could stand. Then he hooked his bag on the robot's arm and walked solemnly beside him back into the school grounds.

The boys went on into the school while their bags were carried off to be examined, and Boodle was very sad as they had dinner.

"I shan't see my chocolates again," he sighed.

"I bet I see my rockets," said Bodger.

"What!" Boodle was amazed. "You don't mean you smuggled them into the school?"

"It's brains you need, chum," said Bodger smugly. "I know just where they are. Wait till things have quietened down and then I'll show you."

Boodle gazed at his pal in admiration. He wished he had brains like Bodger. He waited patiently till the roll had been called and the boys had been allotted to dormitories and classrooms, but in the meantime there had been a lot of grumbling.

It was Kane and Grogan, the bullies of the Fifth, who led the grumblers.

"It's more like a prison camp than a school," Kane snorted. "They've pinched my roller skates and my stamp collection."

"They've taken my cap pistol, too," Grogan chimed in.

"You can't blame Dr. Nolan," put in another boy. "It's that Sir John who thinks up these schemes."

"A good beginning, Nolan," boomed Sir John that evening. "I didn't like your robots at first, but I can see now how they can be used to keep the boys in order."

"I'm afraid I must disagree," said Dr. Nolan stiffly. "I want TeleVarsity to be fully automatic. And my engineers have made so many improvements I feel we can soon do without robots of the mechanical type entirely."

Sir John wanted to argue, but Dr. Nolan said it was time for bed. So it was, too, for the boys were all asleep in their dormitories.

All save Bodger and Boodle, that is, for Bodger was shaking Boodle into wakefulness.

"On your feet, chum," he said. "We're going to find my rockets."

"You nearly scared me out of my wits," Boodle snorted. "Where are they?"

"In one of those little robots," Bodger whispered proudly.

"Yes, but which one?" snorted Boodle, still irritable.

Bodger blinked owlishly in the darkness. He had been so clever he had not thought to make any mark on the robot who had them. And seeing that there were about twenty of the new robots, all exactly alike, he was beginning to wonder how he would find the right one . . . !

**Bodger's in for a load of trouble in next week's TeleVarsity**

## PICTURE CROSSWORD ANSWERS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| F | A | C | E | |
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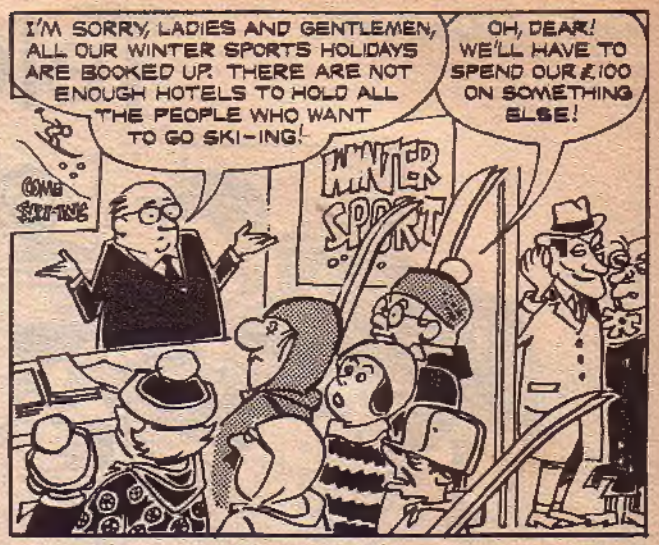
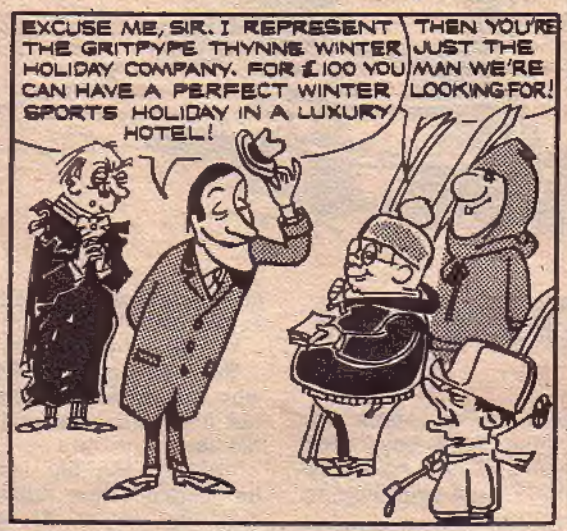
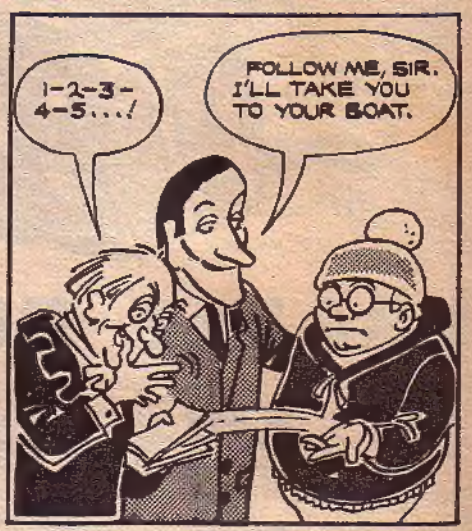
# THE TELEGOONS

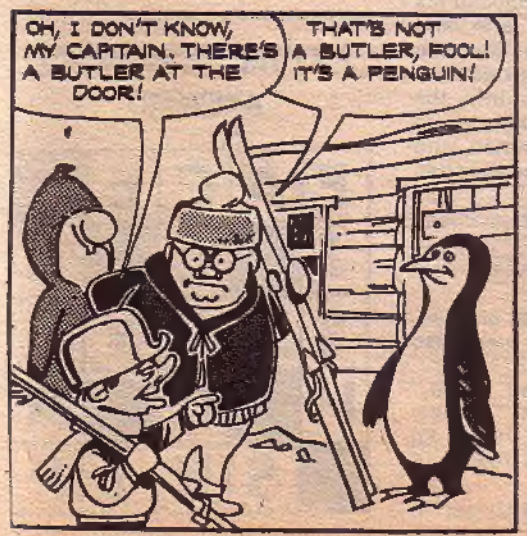
## IN A N—ICE IDEA

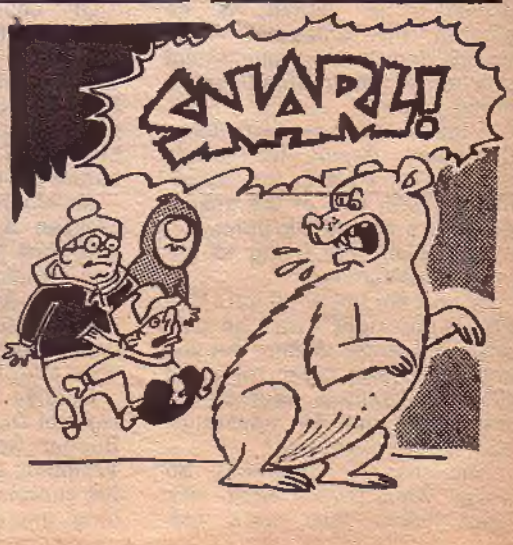

I'M SORRY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, ALL OUR WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAYS ARE BOOKED UP. THERE ARE NOT ENOUGH HOTELS TO HOLD ALL THE PEOPLE WHO WANT TO GO SKI-ING!
OH, DEAR! WE'LL HAVE TO SPEND OUR £100 ON SOMETHING ELSE!
GOING SKIING
WINTER SPORTS


EXCUSE ME, SIR. I REPRESENT THE GRITPYPE THYNNE WINTER HOLIDAY COMPANY. FOR £100 YOU CAN HAVE A PERFECT WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAY IN A LUXURY HOTEL!
THEN YOU'RE JUST THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR!



THE POOR FOOLS! LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT MY 'LUXURY HOTEL' IS AN OLD SHACK NEAR THE NORTH POLE, AND NOT A MOUNTAIN WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES!





STOP! WE PAID GOOD ENGLISH MONEY TO STAY HERE AND IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A MOTH EATEN POLAR BEAR TO CHASE US AWAY! NOW WHERE ARE THE WINTER SPORTS WE CAME HERE FOR?
DA... LOOK, NEDDIE. HE'S POINTING TO A BOX OF INDOOR GAMES!
I SEE DRAUGHTS!
INDOOR GAMES
THEN SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND YOU, NIT!
ICY DRAUGHTS
LATER...
DA... I DON'T CALL PLAYING TIDDLYWINKS IN THE SNOW WINTER SPORTS.
NEITHER DO I! LET'S PACK UP AND GO HOME, NEDDIE.
SO...
NEE-HEE! THAT ROTTEN BOAT'S SUNK!
WE'LL ASK YONDER ESKIMO IF THERE'S A QUICK WAY HOME!
IF YOU HURRY PLENTY, YOU CATCH 3-32 ICEBERG DRIFTING SOUTH!
SO...
WE'VE NEARLY REACHED ENGLAND LADS, AND IT'S STILL COLD ENOUGH TO STOP THE ICEBERG MELTING!
NOW WE TURN RIGHT AT THE RIVER THAMES.
LONDON
OKAY LADS, WE CAN MOOR UP ALONG HERE!
LATER...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. WE'VE SPENT THAT £100 ON OPENING A WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAY SHOP AND WE HAVEN'T HAD A SINGLE CUSTOMER!
AND I KNOW WHY- LOOK!
GOING UP!
SEAGOONS SKI-RUN
2/- PER GO

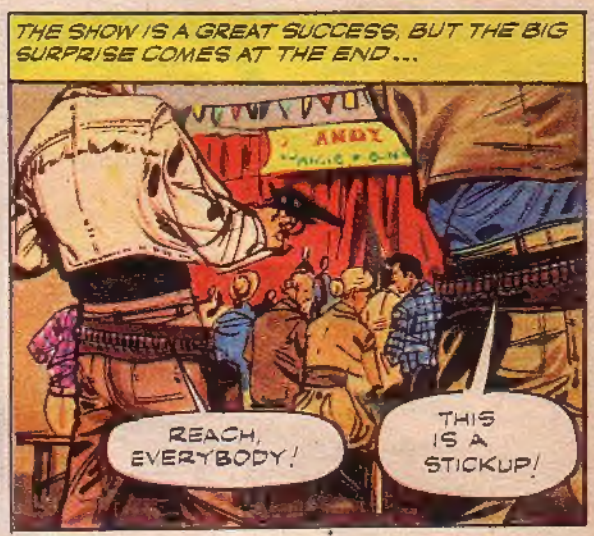
More fun in the Telegoons next week

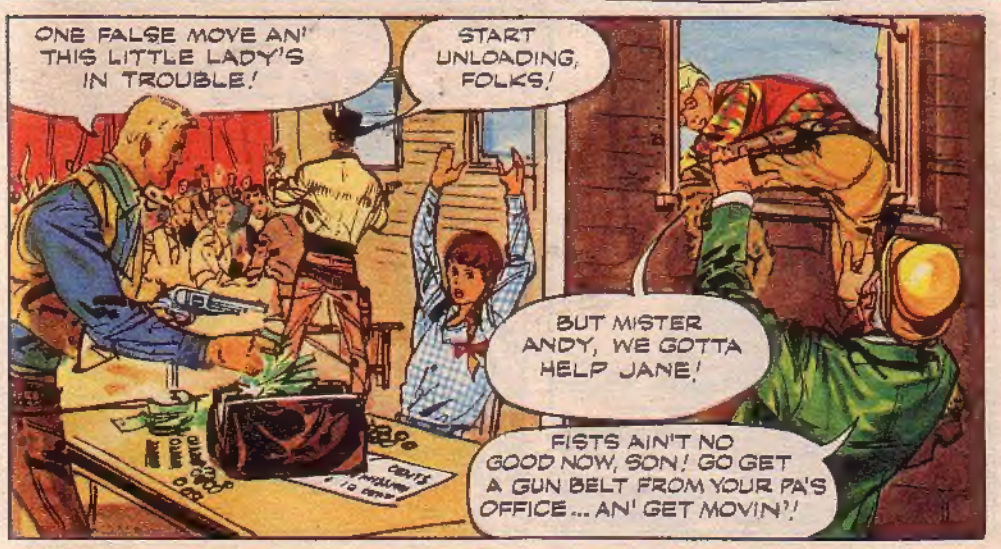
# The MILKY BAR KID

OLD Andy, a travelling conjurer, has been asked to stay in Candy Springs by the Milky Bar Kid and give a show. Although he has been attacked by two bullies he agrees.

"ANDY"
MAGIC & CONJURING
MIGHTY KIND OF THE FOLKS TO LEND ME THIS HERE STORE T'GIVE A SHOW, KID. COULD RAISE ENOUGH CASH TO MAKE GOOD THE DAMAGE... IF THERE AIN'T NO MORE TROUBLE!
THERE'LL BE TOO MANY PEOPLE AROUND FOR THOSE TWO BULLIES, MISTER ANDY!

HEY, TEX! TAKE A LOOK AT THE CASH THAT KID'S PULLING IN!
YEAH! WITH MARSHAL BAR OUTA THE TERRITORY, IT'D MAKE AN EASY SNATCH!
50 CENTS ADMISSION KIDS 10 CENTS
GUESS THIS TOWN HAS BEEN GETTING TOO HOT FOR US LATELY! MAYBE WE'D BETTER BLOW AFORE THE MARSHAL COMES RIDIN' IN... WITH A LITTLE FREE DOUGH TO HELP US ON OUR WAY...





ONE FALSE MOVE AN' THIS LITTLE LADY'S IN TROUBLE!
START UNLOADING, FOLKS!
BUT MISTER ANDY, WE GOTTA HELP JANE!
FISTS AIN'T NO GOOD NOW, SON! GO GET A GUN BELT FROM YOUR PA'S OFFICE... AN' GET MOVIN'!

GREED HAS MADE THE TWO HOLD-UP MEN CARELESS, AND THE MILKY BAR KID IS BACK WITH ANDY BEFORE EITHER OF THEM HAVE BEEN MISSED...
... GUESS I THOUGHT MY LEAD SLINGING DAYS WERE OVER AN' DONE WITH...

More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week